Vol. II. Numb. 49.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday September 9th. to Wednesday September 14th. 1709.

Q. *WHAT is meant by the deep in* Luke 8. Ver. 31.

A. That the word *Deep*, ſignifies *Hell*, or the Place *Prepar'd for the Devil and his angels*, wherever it be, is plain from the uſage of the Original Ἄβυσσος in other places of Scripture. And He, who reads *Rev.* 9. *Ver.* 1. 2. 11. (where is the ſame word in *Greek*, tho' differently rendred in our Tranſlation) cannot poſſibly Demur to it. In 2 *Pet.* 2 4 we read, *God ſpar'd not the Angels, that Sin'd, but caſt them down into Hell.* Now the *Greek* Original ταρταρώσας, *caſt down into Hell*, is deriv'd from the word τάρταρος, *Tartarus*, which imports a very Deep place, an Abyſs, or a Bottomleſs Pit, as the word Ἄβυσσος is tranſlated in the foremention'd Paſſages of the *Revelations.*

Q. *Gentlemen, In your* Supernumerary Paper *for the Month of* March, *I happen'd to ſee a Queſtion was partly my own Caſe, to which You gave a very pleaſing Anſwer, that encourag'd me and made me think you would give your ſelves the trouble of a full Solution to mine. The Caſe is this, I am often in ſome Company, who unjuſtly reflect upon a Young Lady, a Neighbour. But who are thoſe Company? even a Mother and near Relations, whom ſome Inſinuating Perſon (I fear a Malicious forſaken Maid) has made it her buſineſs to poſſeſs 'em with ſuch Falſities that they will never be diſpoſſeſs'd of. Now I deſire to know, when I hear the Lady abuſed (as it ſhocks my very Soul) whether I may not juſtly ſpeak in her Behalf, when I as well as others her Friends are perſuaded that her very Mind is Pure and Undefiled (which is not ſo very common) and the reaſon of their ſpeaking againſt her is her want of Money, tho' She has a Competency. The ſooner, Gentlemen, your Anſwer comes, the ſooner I ſhall be at Eaſe, for your convincing Arguments will be mine and their Rule.*

A. Since you have ſo much Confidence in the Lady's Vertue, if your Confidence be grounded on a rational foundation, you are not only Allow'd, but even abſolutely Oblig'd to Vindicate her Tainted Honor. A Vertuous Woman prefers her Reputation to even Life it ſelf. We wou'd therefore put the Queſtion to you, whether, if She were aſſaulted by Cruel and Blood-thirſty Men, you wou'd not ſeverely reflect upon your ſelf, as Inexcuſably Deficient in your Duty, if you ſtood by as an Unconcern'd Spectator, if you endeavour'd not to defend and reſcue her, as far as were Conſiſtent with the Principles of Common Prudence. If her Friends therefore are Careleſs to Deliver her *from the Strife of Tongues*; of Tongues, that Wound Deeper than Pointed Swords, may She not take up the Lamentation of the Prophet, with an Alteration of the Melancholy Complainant; *I weep ſore in the Night, my Tears are on my Cheeks; among all mine Acquaintance I have none to comfort me; all my Friends have deale Treacherouſly with me, they are become my Enemies.* For in ſuch a Caſe as this, They, who plead not in her behalf, do, as it were Accuſe her; They, who are not her Advocates, Condemn her. But if you are no Particular Acquaintance of the Lady's, yet, as She is your Fellow Creature, your Humanity Commands you to ſuccour her; as She is your Fellow Chriſtian, your Chriſtianity lays a Double Obligation upon you to Protect her; as She is a Vertuous Lady, the common cauſe of Vertue will not ſuffer you to Neglect her For Vertue, Vertue in Diſtreſs ſeems to Apply her ſelf to All, that have any knowledg of the Lady's Merit, in theſe Pathetical, theſe Perſuaſive Terms, Who is on my Side, Who? Were your own Vertue to be call'd in Queſtion, wou'd you not labor to Vindicate your Innocence? Undoubtedly you wou'd. And yet your very Duty to God himſelf (for is it not one of His Commandments?) obliges you to *Love your Neighbour as your ſelf.* Are we not Ungenerous? Nay, are we not Uncharitable (for Generoſity advances beyond common Charity) are we not both Ungenerous and Uncharitable too, while we tamely ſuffer the Malicious barbarouſly to inſult Diſtreſſed Innocence? Conſider therefore, that while you endeavour to Defend the Injur'd Lady, as Unwilling, that her Enemies ſhou'd Lay her Honor in the Duſt, you at once Diſplay the Man, Exemplify the Chriſtian, Teſtify your Charity, Witneſs your Generoſity, Evidence your regard for the Cauſe of Vertue, and Diſcharge that Comprehenſive Epitomy of the Goſpel, your Duty towards God and

your Duty towards your Neighbour. Consider this, seriously Consider this, and then Forbear to Defend her, if you Can.

Q. *What are Incommensurable Magnitudes, and how do they prove Infinite Divisibility?*

A. Incommensurable Magnitudes are such as have no common Measure. For instance; there is no measure, which is exactly so many times contain'd in the Side and Diagonal of a Square. For if the Side contain exactly so many Feet without any Remainder, yet, when you have taken out all the Feet contain'd in the Diagonal, there will be a Fraction or a Part of a Foot left. And thus, if you take any other Measure, whether Less or Greater than a Foot, the same Phænomenon will occur.

And that the Side and Diagonal of a Square are Incommensurable to one another, is Demonstrable by the Last Proposition of the Tenth Book of *Euclid's Elements*. And so Celebrated a Theorem was this among the Ancient Philosophers, that Dr. *Barrow* observes of *Plato*, that He ventur'd to Assert, that Persons Ignorant of so famous a Proposition were not Men but Brutes.

And yet, if there were no such thing as Infinite Divisibility, no Magnitudes cou'd be Incommensurable. For then an Indivisible Point wou'd be the Common Measure of the forelaid Side and Diagonal of a Square. For if an Indivisible Point were not Exactly so many times Proportionably contain'd in both, it follows, that there wou'd be a Fraction or Part of an Indivisible Point left in either one or both. But this is contrary to supposition of Indivisible Points. For to have Parts and to be Divisible are Terms Synonymous. And thus we see, that Infinite Divisibility is founded on Another Demonstration besides those, we before Alledg'd.

Q. *Whether the World be in a* Place?

A. We suppose, that the Querist means by the *World*, not what is Vulgarly so call'd, but what Astronomers intend by it.

Place is Distinguish'd into Absolute and Relative. Absolute *Place* is that Part of Space, or of Infinite Expantion, which is Occupied by a Body, which is plac'd in it. From which Definition of Absolute *Place* it is Obvious, that the World is in *Place* as Absolutely consider'd. Relative *Place* is that Apparent and Sensible *Place*, which has it's Dependance on our Senses, with respect to the Situation of one Body to Another. Now, whether the World be in *Place* as Relatively consider'd, the forelaid Definition readily determines.

Q. *Whether the Ancients Knew, that the Milky way was compos'd of Vast Numbers of Minute Stars?*

A. Their Ignorance of that gave occasion to the Poetical Description of the Milky way. But however the Ancients were generally Ignorant of it, yet *Gassendus* observes from *Plutarch*, that *Democritus* Conjectur'd it. And indeed the Moderns cou'd arrive no further than a Probable Conjecture, were it not for the admirable Invention of the Telescope.

Q. *Gentlemen, What is the Product of Ten Shillings, Multiplied by Ten Shillings?*

A. Ten Shillings Multiplied by Ten Shillings Produce Five Shillings. But many Persons, who are Unacquainted with Fractional Operations, are not readily convinc'd of this. For,

Say they, does not 10 multiplied by 10, or ten times ten make an Hundred. To which we answer, that 10 Integers (or whole Numbers) multiplied by 10 Integers undoubtedly make 100. But ten Shillings are not ten Integers, but ten Fractions; they are $\frac{1}{20}$ or ten twentieths of a Pound. And therefore no wonder, that such Persons make so much of 10 *s.* multiplied into 10 *s.* since they Multiply the Figures as what they are not, namely, as Integers, instead of what they really are, namely, Fractions. But we shall further shew, how absurd it is to Imagin, that 10 *s.* multiplied into 10 *s.* make 100 *s.* or 5 *l.* for 1 Pound multiplied into 1 Pound makes but 1 Pound, since 1 time 1 is 1. But if 10 *s.* Multiplied by 10 *s.* make 5 Pounds, it follows, that two smaller Sums Multiplied into one another produce a Sum five times larger than two other Sums of Double the Value are able to Produce; which sure is an Unimaginable absurdity. Since therefore 1 Pound Multiplied by 1 Pound produces but 1 Pound, no wonder, that 10 *s.* Multiplied by 10 *s.* produce but 5 *s.* and not 100 *s.* For whatever two Figures be Multiplied into one another, the Product will be four times greater than the Product of Half of the *Multiplicand* Multiplied by Half of the *Multiplicator*, as any one may readily experience. If therefore 1 Pound Multiplied by 1 Pound produce but 1 Pound, it follows, that 10 *s.* Multiplied by 10 *s.* produce but $\frac{1}{4}$ or a fourth part of a Pound; that is, 5 *s.* We have dwelt the longer upon this, because (as is observ'd above) such Instances Nonplus abundance of Persons Unskill'd in Fractions.

Q. *Whether Women have any Souls, because they are deny'd to all Insensible Creatures? And in my Opinion a Woman and a Goose are so near Relatives, that if one is allow'd to possess it, t'other cannot Possibly suffer a Privation.* Yours, Paralogus.

A. It may as well be question'd whether Men have Souls, since there be many Women wou'd make meer Ganders of such wise Querists.

Q. *Gentlemen, I formerly desir'd to know of you whether it were possible to gain the favor of a patent, for the ingrossing the execution of an Invention, without discovering the Method, &c.*

A. A Patent may doubtless be gain'd (at the usual Expence) for a Project, which will tend to the good of the Publick, provided it be entirely New, and not a bare improvement on another's Invention; nor will you be oblig'd to discover any secret further than to give Satisfaction, that it will merit the Privilege. The Method of obtaining one, is not a Subject proper for the Publick.

Q. *Gentlemen, The* Female Tatler *in* No. 27. *reflects on your Ignorance in Musick, because your insert not the Base, &c. which makes some fancy the Author lost his Eyes by the discipline of a Cane he met with, for abusing the Deputy and his Daughters in* No. 24. *or else he had certainly seen in your Papers, where all other Parts were to be had at the same time; but for him to reflect on your Physiosophy, inclines some to believe he wou'd be beg'd, were it not known that his Prudent Father prevents the Temptation.*

A. Tho' we shou'd be ungrateful to our Friends to conceal their Remarks on him, yet (as we said before) we must desire to be excus'd from concerning our selves with him.

POEMS.

Q. *YE're deeply learn'd, and therefore I presume*
To ask, if in this World's withdrawing-room,
I mean the Grave, can there be Knowledg found,
To tell if Friends or Foes our Corps surround;
If not, then Sirs, I crave the Reason why,
So many Mortals when they come to Dye,
Desire so much by their Old Friends to lye.

Gentlemen, I am Yours, &c.

A. No Friendship there, no mutual Flames are fed,
Nor knowledg in the Chambers of the Dead;

But

But thus (to shew our Passion, whilst alive,
And wish we Immortality cou'd give)
To our surviving Friends we leave the Care
And Charge, our Ashes may be mingled there,
That ev'n our latest Thoughts may testify,
Cou'd we preserve it, *That shou'd never dye.*

Q. *I, who of late sung of Misfortunes dire,*
Being immerg'd in gloomy black Despair,
Tormented by Alternate Passions, rais'd
From Disappointments and neglected Love.
Now by a happy turn of Fate exult,
Crown'd with the Smiles of Fortune and the Fair.
Rambling by chance under a gloomy Shade
Of Silvan Bays and twining Myrtil mix'd,
I found Dulcetta (*darling of my heart*)
Supinely laid upon the Verdant Grass.
With Adoration I approach'd the Nymph,
And with submissive awe my Vows express'd,
In softest Accents I my Flame disclos'd,
Told her how long, how faithfully I lov'd.
At length the tender Maid with wishing Eyes,
Her Snowy Breasts heaving with melting Sighs,
Sunk in my Arms, declaring She allow'd
Toresmond's *Flame, and blushing own'd She Lov'd.*
Hail! Tuneful Bards, *who in reviving Lays,*
Oft dein'd to sooth the anguish of my heart;
Now plung'd in Joy, which like a Torrent roll's,
In swelling Surges o'er my rapsur'd Breast.
Say, how shall I these Joys retentive make,
Secure these Transports, this Extatick Bliss,
And so possess them, that if Time or Fate,
Should change the Scene, or put a Period to
My pregnant hopes (which O ye Powers avert!)
I may with Resolution firm sustain
The crushing weight, and bravely stand the Shock
Of Adverse Fortune and despairing Love.

A. Ne'er let Imagination stretch beyond
The nature of frail Sublunary Joys.
Weigh how uncertain at the best they are,
How soon from us, or we from them are snatch'd;
How suddenly a sullen Hour may come,
In which depress'd, they'll vanish from our Eyes;
Nay, that ev'n whilst we in Possession are,
Each Moment they are dying on our Hands,
Since still the more we taste, the more is past;
Prepar'd thus, like a Rock you'll firmly stand
Against th' Insults of sinister Events,
'Tis that which does Surprize, which does Suppress.

Q. *A Fortnight since I pick'd up in the* Park,
A Wench, when (as you'll guess) 'twas wondrous dark;
For when in Morn I from the Nymph arose,
I found her Ugly, Old, and 'thout a Nose,
Now to be mortify'd thus in my Prime,
D' ye think it not Attonement for the Crime?

A. The sight of her, not lesser Faults atones,
But when you find Compunction in your Bones;
When the Effects have brought you to the Plight,
Of no more Use by Day, than Eyes by Night,
You may repent, prompt by your Crazy State,
And yet perhaps you may repent too late.

On the Female Tatler's *Affronting the* BRITISH APOLLO.

LET Tatling Gossip, from conceal'd Abode,
Spit forth her Venom like an angry Toad,
Apollo's Offspring soar aloft, too high
To be concern'd at Fish-wife Ribaldry.
What makes thee with such Pride, high Birth assume?
Thou art a Match beneath *Apollo's Groom.*
'Tis Gentle Language gains a Well-bred Name,
But thy Imployment's daily to defame;
Pursue thy Scandal, feeble Spight disclose,
The Slander only does thy self expose;
So, with rebounding force a Marble Wall,
Returns the Shot to him, who sent the Ball.

V. S.

Gentlemen, Be so Generous to an Enemy as to admit into your Paper a few Lines in Commiseration of C——pe's *Misfortune, which She lately suffer'd on account of her abusing the* Deputy, *&c.*

TO Thrash Madam C——*pe* was most uncivil,
But, *just dub'd with Gentry*,——that's surely the (Devil;
Where were the brave Sparks her Tea-Table surround,
Her Beaux and her Bells, what not one to be found?
To resent an Affront, was too gross for a Punk,
Unless at the same time confoundedly Drunk.

You'll say She is some Mother *Mab* in Disguise,
Train'd up from her Birth in Abuses and Lies;
Or else you may think by her scurrilous Tongue,
From *Billingsgate*, *Bridewell*, or *Newgate* She sprung;
Admitting all this (as it seems pretty plain)
Regard to her *Sex* might have warded the *Cane.*

But others will swear that this wise Undertaker,
By Trade's an *Al——ney*, by Name is a *B——r*,
Who rambles about with a Female Disguise on,
And lives upon Scandal, as Toads do on Poyson;
But does it so Coarsely, with such an ill Face,
That *Malice* it self thinks his Pen a Disgrace;
If so——yet Respect to the *Petticoat* sure,
Chastisement of lesser Disgrace might procure.
If thus they begin, [redacted], *unless it Pleases it self*
For it looks just as if he'd be *Tutchin'd* at last;
Nay, if he were witty, and for it cares'd,
To be *Thrash'd for his Pains*---why it spoils all the (Jest:
But since He's so dull they might Pity the Creature,
To be angry with him's to be angry with Nature;

Besides

Beſides 'tis in vain, were his Hide tew'd by Tan-
(ners,
They'd never beat into him Senſe or Good Manners.

Any may have the Quarterly Books *with the Muſick in them, or moſt of the other Single Papers to make up Sets, or* Indexes *to the Firſt Volume, to find what Queſtions have been anſwer'd (by directing to the Printers) brought home to their Houſes.*

All are deſired to direct their Letters (Superſcribed for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to be left at Mr. *Carters*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, at Mr. *Bickerton's*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in *Little Britain*, or at the Printers hereof; either with Queſtions, Subſcriptions, or for Indexes to our firſt Volume, which contains between 2 and 3000 Anſwers to Queſtions, for we ſhall not take notice of ſuch Queſtions again as have been anſwer'd therein. Our Rates are, 2 *s.* per Quarter for the Weekly. 2 *s.* 6 *d.* with the Monthly, and the Quarterly Books 6 *d.* apiece. Thoſe who come in within the Quarter, to pay at Quarter-day 1 *d.* apiece for each they have had. No Queſtions out of the Country will be anſwer'd but where the Poſtage is paid.

Books of Guards for keeping the Papers in at 2 *s.* each, and Single Sheets to make up Sets, may be had on directing as above.

SIR,

THE Letters from Antwerp Sept. 19th advife, that on Tueſday laſt the Town of Mons was inveſted on all Sides by 20000 Men, but the Trenches will not be open'd till the beginning of next Week, againſt which time they expect 15000 Pioneers, and above 200 pieces of Cannon and 50 Mortars. That the Prince of Naſſau is to have the Direction of the Siege, that the Garriſon conſiſts of 12 Battalions and 300 Horſe and Dragoons. The Advices from Bruſſels Sept. 19th are, that 'tis reported the French Army is Marching towards Maubeug, and that they deſign to poſt themſelves between that place and Charleroy. That on the 15th Inſtant Lieutenant Colonel Kennedy return'd thither with 300 Foot and 150 Horſe under his Command, having lately brought to the Grand Army a great Convoy of Bread and other Neceſſaries conſiſting of about 1000 Waggons. 'Tis advis'd from his Grace the Duke of Marlborough's Camp at Havre Sept. 19th. that the neceſſary Diſpoſitions are made for the Siege of Mons, and the Prince of Naſſau Frieſland, who is to command the ſame, will take poſt to Morrow with 30 Battalions and as many Squadrons, that are appointed for that Service; His Highneſs is to have under him 3 Lieutenants-General, 8 Majors-General, and 3 Brigadiers; that the Duke of Marlborough has taken his Quarters in the Caſtle of Havre, where he will continue during the Siege; that Lieutenant-General Cadogan went Yeſterday for Bruſſels to haſten the March of the Artillery and Ammunition-Waggons deſign'd for this Siege, and a great Number of Horſes are ſent from the Army to aſſiſt in bringing up the ſame to the Camp; that the French are aſſembling their Army between Quenoy and Valenciennes; and Deſerters report, that 'tis diſcours'd in their Camp, that they are to March towards Maubeuge and incamp between that Place and Charleroy, where they will be cover'd by the Sambre, and the Country being ſo difficult, that they think we ſhall not attack them in thoſe parts. The Letters from Genoa ſay, that Sir George Bing has taken a Great Fleet bound for France with Corn from Barbary, after having beaten their Convoy. Which is all from Yours, &c.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND TRADING Stock, without any Inſpection, Inſur'd, againſt Loſs by Fire, at the Rates following, *viz.* For ſeven Years you may Inſure 25 *l.* for 2 *s.* 6 *d.* 50 *l.* for 5 *s.* 100 *l.* for 10 *s.* And after the ſame Rate for any greater Sum, Returnable with an Intereſt, deducting only what ſhall be paid for Loſſes by Fire. *By the Charitable Corporation for Relief of Induſtrious Poor, &c. in Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter*; who have 30 Watermen with Porters and Carts in Readineſs to help remove your Goods at Fires. *Attendance is given at the ſaid Houſe*, and at the London Coffee Houſe behind the *Royal-Exchange*, from 10 to 2, and from 3 to 6, Sundays and Holydays excepted. *Note*, There are Eſtates agreed to be ſettled on Truſtees, to make good the Payment of the ſaid Money.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. *Roger Grant*, OCULIST, who has been ſo ſucceſsful in Couching the Cateract and Curing all other Curable Diſtempers in the Eyes, lives in St. *Chriſtopher's Church-Yard*, where he has lately brought to Sight theſe Perſons under-nam'd. *W. Jones*, at *Newington-Butts*, aged 20, born blind, reſtored to Sight in 5 Minutes. *Robert Widell*, in *Fiſhmonger's-Hoſpital, Newington*, aged 70, reſtored to Sight in 2 Minutes. *Mary Dering*, in *Swan Yard* near *Newgate*, aged 75, reſtored to Sight in one Minute. *Elizabeth Read*, in *Bed-Alley Goſwell-Street*, blind of one Eye 13 Years, reſtored to Sight in 5 Minutes. *Will Dixon*, in *Chelſea-College*, aged 87, reſtor'd to Sight in 5 Minutes. *John Myers* on *Saffron-Hill*, blind by Obſtruction of the *Optick Nerves*, reſtor'd to Sight in a little time. Mr. *Williams*, in *Peter-Street Old Soho*. *Anne Andrews* in *Goſwell Street*. *Saywell Luthen*, at *Adam's Coffee-Houſe Chancery-Lane*. *Anne Allen*, in *Nightingal-Lane*. *Anne Lee*, at the *Cock-Keys* Tavern lower-end of St. *Martin's-Lane Strand*. Mr. *Goldy* Porter, near *Fiſhmonger's-Hall, Thames-Street*. NOTE, Theſe Perſons with 35 others have been all cur'd by the aforeſaid Mr. *Grant* ſince Sept. 1708

NOTE, There not being room in the laſt *Monthly Paper* to put in the Baſs and Trumpet part to the Song, the whole is Engraven and Printed for *J. Walſh* and *Randal*, and may be had at their Shop in *Catherine-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, where is likewiſe Sold the neweſt Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick of all Sorts.

THE EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS of Mr. *William Croſſe*, Profeſſor of Phyſick and OCULIST, at his Houſe againſt *Cecil-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, in Curing Diſtempers incident to the Eyes, is Evident by Teſtimonials frequently inſerted in the Publick Prints, under the Hands of ſuch Perſons as have happily experienc'd the ſame, who were by his Preſcriptions perfectly recover'd, after they had ineffectually apply'd themſelves to others.

READY Money for any Parcel or Library of Books, in all Languages and faculties whatever; likewiſe Books Exchang'd and lent to Read, by *Tho Bickerton*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* next the Gate-way leading into the *Blue-Coat Hoſpital* by the Pump in *Little-Britain*.

Licentia Poetica diſcuſs'd: Or, the True Teſt of Poetry. Without which it is impoſſible to *Judge of*, or *Compoſe*, A Correct *Engliſh Poem*. To which are added, *Critical Obſervations* on the Principal, Ancient and Modern Poets, *viz. Homer, Horace, Virgil, Milton, Waller, Cowley, Dryden*, &c. as frequently liable to Juſt Cenſure. With ſome Remarks alſo on my Lord Duke of *Marlborough's* and Maj. Gen. *Stanhope's* Letters Commendatory of the Earl of *Peterborow's* Valor and Conduct in *Spain*, as the occaſional Ground for an Excellent Epic. Poem. *London*: Printed for *William Carter*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, 1709.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.